

CANDIDATES ADDRESS PAIRICK JEROME GLEASON PLAYS HIS HAND ALONE. BATTLE IN OHIO IS LOST TO HANNA.

Republican Knives Whetted for Him, While Democrats Would Sacrifice Their Man for Governor.

SCHEME OF FORAKER, PLATT & CO. WORKING WELL.

Their Aim Is to Secure Control of the Republican National Committee by Retiring the Chairman to Private Life.

By Julius Chambers.

Columbus, O., Oct. 27.—Ohio is in the throes of a political revolution. I never realized its full extent until to-day. The interest felt in the Democratic opposition to Governor Bushnell is secondary. His opponent, Horace L. Chapman, is almost unknown throughout the State. All efforts of the party managers are concentrated upon the legislative fight.

The only issue is Hanna. Against him several strong Republican counties are in open revolution. Elsewhere in Republican districts the sympathy for him is weak and indifferent. Senator Foraker is unimpeachably hostile. I say this in the face of his speech in Cleveland last night, in which, after careful reading, I find scant mention of Hanna's name.

Charles L. Kurtz, of this city, the de-throned chairman of the State Committee, is Hanna's implacable enemy. He makes no secret of his feelings, and all attempts at reconciliation have been failures. He is an organizer of the Tilden type, and has enrolled in various parts of the State several thousand Republicans who are his personal friends and have pledged themselves to assist in his revenge upon Senator Hanna. This information comes from a reliable source, and I can now speak with confidence. Mr. Hanna will not succeed himself.

Many causes have contributed to the turbulent condition of the Republican party in this State. The story of the Foraker-McKinley row has been thrashed over many times, and it is idle to rehearse it. Pa-tronage has been the downfall of Hanna. Had he not been chosen to succeed Sherman, but allowed the Foraker-Bushnell scheme to go forward, whereby the Governor would have become Senator for a year, and then retired, perfectly satisfied, Hanna could have made the Ohio Republican party a condition of open defiance.

Hostility is widespread. Take the case of Hamilton County; it gave McKinley a small majority, and under ordinary circumstances could be counted upon to send a Republican member to the Legislature. But the Republican county chairman yesterday served notice on the State Committee that he will see to it himself that the county goes Democratic before the coming election. This is one of the most interesting stories that the campaign has developed. The neighboring county of Warren, where the revolt began, led by John Quincy Adams Campbell, editor of the Republican, one of the oldest newspapers in the State.

At Cleveland Hanna's friends told me that disaffection was confined to Hamilton County. To-day without finding out I might have been deceived. These statements were intended to deceive, for I find that hostility to Hanna is not confined to the local cities, but permeates the entire Republican party throughout the State. True enough, open war exists in Cincinnati, and bloodshed has already begun. They were killing people there yesterday.

But, in Bushnell's own home, Springfield, the Governor's friends openly charge Hanna's district leader with treachery to the State.

Therefore, whatever may befall the Democratic State ticket, the prediction is made with absolute confidence that Marcus Hanna will not succeed himself.

Hanna Demands a Return. Meanwhile, Senator Hanna is tramping about Ohio threatening and bullying. He demands of his party, as a right, a return to the United States Senate. He is encouraged to make this claim by the fact that he was "indorsed" for the Senate by the Toledo convention. Has June 1st, 1900, come yet? Hanna's friends are not so sure. He introduced it at the Zanesville convention two years ago, and how the precedent rises to the surface of the mind. Hanna's friends have been in New York, no man has ever gone so far as to secure an indorsement of Hanna's return to the Senate from a convention held six months before the body that was to choose him had been elected. Hanna's friends are not so sure. He introduced it at the Zanesville convention two years ago, and how the precedent rises to the surface of the mind. Hanna's friends have been in New York, no man has ever gone so far as to secure an indorsement of Hanna's return to the Senate from a convention held six months before the body that was to choose him had been elected. Hanna's friends are not so sure.

Every day Senator Hanna proclaims himself the choice of the people from the stump. I heard him say this yesterday, at public meetings: "I am your candidate for Senator."

One of Hanna's Speeches. Here is an extract from a shorthand report of Hanna's address at Akron Monday night, furnished me from a Republican source: "Every Republican should remember his duty. It doesn't make any difference about persons or if the candidate don't suit you exactly. The Republican organization must have the same discipline as we had in the regular army, when the boys in blue marched with their gallant leaders. As Chairman of the Republican National Committee, I have the right to command, and you must stand by me in the dual position I now occupy."

This veritable extract from one of Hanna's speeches illustrates the situation from the Democratic point of view. At Democratic headquarters is found a condition of anarchy not to be dreamed of in the past. I am always afraid of enthusiasm in politics. Not until I had spent more than half an hour in company with the man who is always the best informed and figures obtainable as computed with last year's vote, did I feel the confidence expressed earlier in this letter.

The Democratic managers claim the election of this State to be as well as of a legislative majority. At headquarters all trading is discontinued this year. In my presence the chairman dictated a letter in reply to a county leader in another part of the State, cautioning him against all propositions for Senators or legislators. Despite this evidence I believe that the State ticket is being traded, because the State ticket is being traded, because the State ticket is being traded.

Menace to Freeport Cyclists. George Southwick, of Sanford, L. I., says that while riding near Freeport on his bicycle on Tuesday he was stopped by two highwaymen at the point of a pistol. They took his gold watch and chain and \$50.00 money and the ordered him to wheel away. He says he did so and was glad to escape without being injured. He could give no description of the men.

DRINK
POSTUM
CEREAL
FOOD COFFEE.
Its use in place
of common coffee
means health.

NO COURT BECAUSE OF STORM.

Lawyers and Jurors Could Not Reach May's Landing in Time.

Upon the convening of the Atlantic County Criminal Court, at May's Landing, N. J., yesterday morning, Judge Ludlow, announced that there would be no court, owing to the failure of the court officers, lawyers and jurors to arrive from Atlantic City, because of the meadows being overflowed and railroad communication from that city being cut off.

The jurors were all discharged for the term, including Sheriff Kirby's panel of forty-eight struck jurors, from which number twelve were to be drawn to try the murder case of Mand Jones.

Sheriff Kirby and County Clerk Scott, who had been detained in Atlantic City since Sunday, bravely faced the elements and rowed from Atlantic City to Pleasantville, across the submerged meadows, a distance of five miles.

Upon application of Lawyer J. E. P. Abbott to Judge Ludlow, Salvatore Centuri was released from the county prison on habeas corpus proceedings. Centuri is charged with being implicated in the murder of Frank Larisa.

DEER PLENTIFUL IN JERSEY.

Sportsmen Are Scouring the Woods Near May's Landing.

The sportsmen had great luck in the woods of New Jersey yesterday, no less than seven deer being killed in the vicinity of May's Landing. Dr. Wales, Albert Leach and Warren H. Smith, of that place, each killed a doe deer at Estellville. William Boody, of Elmer, killed a four-year-old buck at Gravelly Run. Elias Smith killed a doe near Egg Harbor City, and a Mr. Partdes, from Atlantic City, is reported to have killed a doe and fawn in Griscow Swamp.

The hunters report the deer to be plentiful and several sportsmen missed easy shots. Mr. Lewis Read, aged ninety-two years, is with a party at Elmville, and notwithstanding his advanced age, he goes through the woods as nimble as a man at forty. The venerable doctor has killed over sixty deer in his lifetime, and says he expects to bring one to earth to-day.

OYSTERMEN DECLARE WAR.

Threaten to Invade Syndicate Beds and Trouble Is Feared.

The members of the Oyster Tongers' Association of Millville, N. J., declare that they will make a raid on the oyster beds in Gronken and Fishing creeks this morning. The syndicate, which claims to own exclusive rights, has sworn in a posse of constables, but the tongers declare that they will resist them.

Great excitement prevailed last night, and serious results were feared.

IT IS TIME.

to begin thinking about Sunday advertising. Write a thoughtful ad and put it in the "Want" Supplement with next Sunday's Journal. Don't miss business!

As I was saying before the interruption—excuse me, I'm paying for this—as I was saying, the history reminds me of a dead in pork. What's that? Why, because it's on the hog sure, though it's only myself. It's all right, what is it? Well, if the history of the hog where is the rest of the community?

I defy any of the language twisters of the Citizens' Union, or Tammany Hall, or Platt, or George, to answer me on the open platform in this town.

That brings the question of this campaign down to me, I mean. Was P. J. Gleason ever a yellow dog? Was P. J. Gleason ever a yellow dog? No! P. J. Gleason was never a yellow dog.

I ain't got a word to say against Van Wyck. He's a man and he represents principles, the principles Van Wyck represents that I'm making a roar about. Van Wyck represents the tiger. What is the tiger? A tiger represents a ferocious, blood-thirsty person.

Now, then, do the people of Greater New York want to turn the government over to such an animal as this? Or do they want to turn the government of the city over to a party that is represented by Van Wyck?

Not saying that I have not always had my suspicions about the tea, but that don't cut no ice. Any man that makes a bluff at tea as a beverage represents a principle that is dangerous to America's institutions and the public schools. Speaking this way I am speaking of Strong as a representative of the Republicans, because Republican votes elected him.

And as for Tracy—well, Tracy's an old soldier. I've got nothing against Tracy. But I'm against the Republican representatives. Tracy stands for New York to be ruled by the Rubens. Tracy is in for a game to turn over this great city to the boys. What is the consequence? We cosmopolitans are compelled to make

GEORGE DINS AWAY ON PARTY BOSSES.

Renews His Virulent Attacks on Platt and Croker.

MORE THREATS NOW MADE.

Tells a Long Island City Audience That He Will Send Bote to Jail.

The Court House at Long Island City was packed fully an hour before Henry George and his party arrived last night. Hearty cheers greeted Mr. George's opening remarks.

The loudest applause was when Mr. George criticised Croker and Platt. Mr. George said:

"I am glad to meet you, to pay my respects, to enable you to look at me, and to do what seems a Democratic candidate asking you for high office. I assume that position. As a matter of fact, I never sought for this office as a matter of fact. I should have been very glad to have escaped it, to have remained in the position of a private citizen, and to have let some one else run for office; but I was cast, thrown, taken in the lot; and when it came to me that I was the only candidate that believers as I believe, believers in the Democratic party, men who hold to the principle of equality, who loved the Democratic principle of equality, was the only candidate that they could, with any hope, put forward, my mind was made up. I would serve."

"What I stand for, what I believe, I think are pretty well known. I have made no hesitation in stating them. I am not like Mr. Croker's candidate, Van Wyck; there is no nodding to me (laughing and applauding). I am willing to come before the people and answer any question or state anything in my life or history or belief that they have any right to know."

"Only wish to be voted for, not by men whom I can induce to vote for me, but by men who see their own interests in voting for me; if you believe the Democratic principles, if you understand and appreciate the doctrine of Thomas Jefferson, the equality of all men, how they would do away at once with the man who is the pauper, with the multi-millionaire and the poor fellow looking for work and begging for opportunity to do it, opportunity to exert the powers that God has given him in a legitimate way, earning a living for himself and for those whom the Creator made dependent upon him. If you understand that, if you only get some glimpse of it, if you realize how much this great city can be enriched, how much added to the comfort of all, then I have no fear about your votes; you will vote for me, and you will elect me. (Prolonged applause.)"

"We will beat them so badly that they won't know how they were beaten. I am not prejudiced against Van Wyck because he went to a French hotel and got arrested by the police (laughter). I do not believe that a man ought to ask for the place of first citizen in this great municipality who makes a habit of frequenting French balls; it is not my taste; I do not like that sort of man, and I don't like the man who, and who are not very bad men on that account, and there are men who get drunk who are not criminal. Why, the best kind of men have got drunk occasionally. The greatest offence of Van Wyck is that he is a mere tool of Croker. I do not see how a man can stand for such a position and be patted on the back and keep his mouth tight shut. Croker (laughter), the man who is an unnatural power, who acquired talents are concerned, is about fit for the place of a royal fish, constabulary man."

That is the sort of place that Richard Croker would pretty well fill, and if he has not, as he said, made the acquaintance of the Prince of Wales and has not given the Prince of Wales a light from his cigar, perhaps when he goes back again the Prince of Wales might interest to get him on his horse. But the best of such a man coming to this country, controlling the forces of the Democracy, controlling Tammany Hall, saying, 'Go' and the man goes, and 'Come' and a great body come; using it, selling it—the idea of such a man as that holding as the dictator of the greatest city in the New World! I am ashamed of it! I hope when I go abroad I won't hear this sort of Croker and Crokerism; that

Croker will either be there to stay, or he will be there to stay. The power that you men put into my hands, this power of control and it is a great power, will be used, if he is guilty of what I believe, to that end, to force me out, to prove it, to arraign him by legal means. No! I have no compulsion to waste on Richard Croker. Applause. I can give him a good bit of advice to go, and so quickly when he hears that I am elected. 'And as for the Boss of the Democrats, Boss Platt, I never lost and of his people; and for this boss of the Republicans, this Boss Platt, this man, who controls them, who controls the finances, who controls rich men, who compels them, as Croker compels them, to shell out when he wants money—he got himself elected to the Senate; I have nothing whatever to do with him. I entertain the very same opinion of him. If I am elected Mayor of New York, there will be no power at my command that will not be used to ferret out his deeds. If he has done iniquity and to send him where, according to common repute, he belongs, to the penitentiary or to exile."

HAD FUN WITH EACH OTHER. Strong, Scott and Fitch Talk About Ermine Hunting and Tiger Shooting.

Campaign humor was the feature of a meeting of the Board of Estimate yesterday. The Sterling Company sent a protest against any award of contract for the new public bath in Livingston street, intimating that whoever wrote the specifications for the work with wondrous ingenuity slant out the use of any boiler except certain patented article. The demand was made for new specifications and "a square deal." The total amount of the work is about \$100,000.

General Collis sent his deputy, Howard Payson Wilds, to the meeting to answer questions. The Mayor turned to Wilds, and asked: "Who drew the specifications?"

Wilds—Francis M. Scott.

Scott—What? Never! I merely approved. Mayor—I move to refer to Mr. Scott with a request that he report no later than Friday.

Scott—I don't know whether I can report so early. I am quite busy these days. Fitch—Are you yachting at this time of the year?

Scott—Not that. Scott has changed his sport. He's turned trapper and is hunting for ermine.

Scott colored as the laugh went around and then replied, looking straight at the Comptroller.

The Mayor leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily. Then he rejoined:

"Yes, and popping at them with puff balls."

The Comptroller kept up the merriment by expressing a hope that Scott would give him a letter that he had sent to the Mayor's office, inquiring if he still held the opinion he expressed the night before of "General John Crow."

"Oh! he was a grand old man, too," said the Mayor, without noticing the blunder in the Mayor's name, "and his bones still lie a moldering in the grave."

STARVING, ROBBED POOR BOX. Mrs. Reilly Admits, Too, That She Stole from the Church Before.

Mrs. Mary Reilly, aged thirty years, who declined to tell where she lived, was locked up in the Bedford avenue police station, Williamsburg, yesterday afternoon on the charge of stealing two cents from a poor box in the church of St. Peter and Paul, on Wythe avenue. The woman was indicted in the act by James Lynch, the engineer.

There was a regular mass in the church in the forenoon, and after all the mourners followed out the body. Mrs. Reilly remained. She was in a pew near a side altar. Poor box. Lynch had occasion to go into the church to see a friend, and acting suspiciously near the poor box. He watched her, and when he saw her put her hand into the box, he stepped forward and started to leave the church he went in pursuit. Mrs. Reilly saw him coming and dropped two cents which she admitted having taken from the box. Lynch detained her until the arrival of a policeman.

On the way to the station the woman admitted that on Sunday last she robbed the same poor box of one cent. She seemingly could not explain why she did the act. After being locked up she said she had no home and that she stole the money because she was starving.

Bullet in the Boy's Thigh. Albert Candidus, the five-year-old son of Policeman Panteleon Candidus, of the Stagg street station, Williamsburg, accidentally shot himself with his father's thirty-eight caliber revolver. It was found that a bullet had entered the boy's hip and lodged near the bone. Surgeon Connors wanted to take the boy to St. Catherine's Hospital, but Mrs. Candidus declined to let him be removed. The wound is considered dangerous.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Root Tablets. All drug stores sell this wonder if it fails to cure.

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What a Difference Between Being Appointed and Being Elected to the Senate!